The

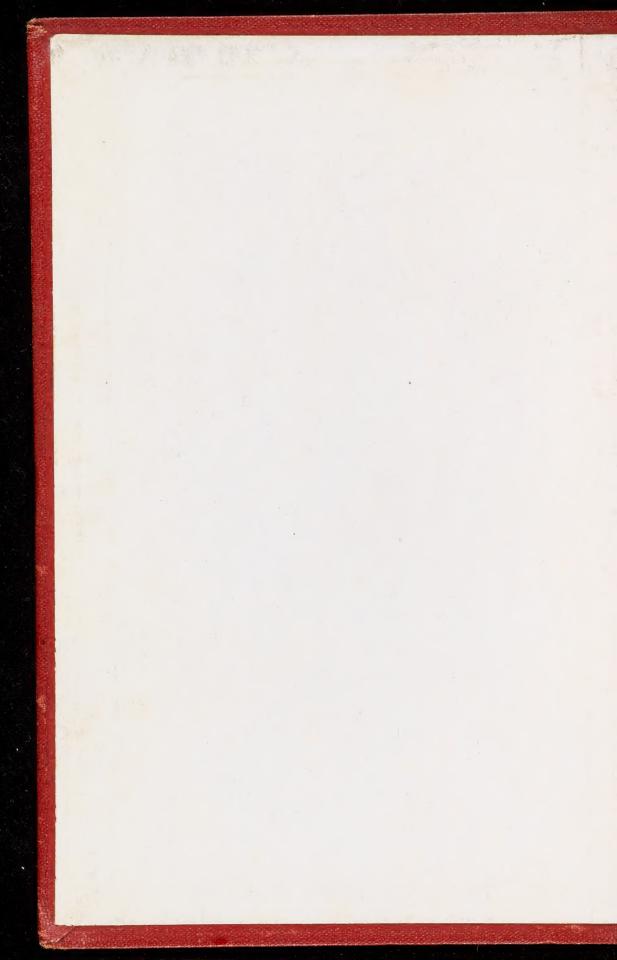
LEGINDS

of

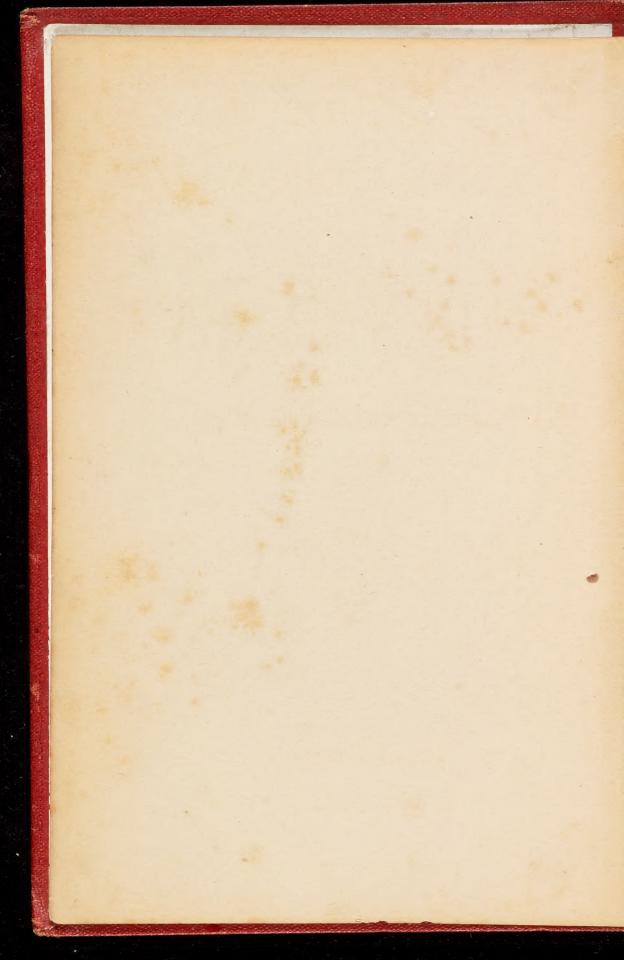
BADEN-BADEN











THE LEGENDS

OF

BADEN-BADEN

AND HIS NEIGHBOUPHOOD



BADEN-BADEN

F. M. REICHEL, EDITOR

THE LEGENDS

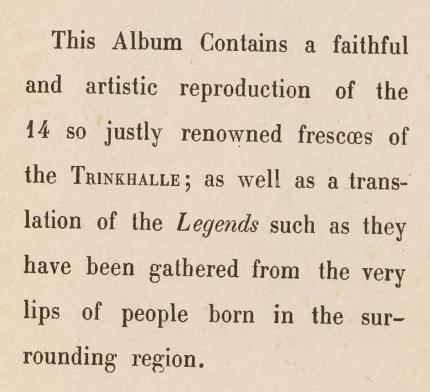
WEGASI-VOIDAGE

AND HIS REIGNBOUPHOOD

THE LEGENDS

OF

BADEN-BADEN



Belymber Hell

BADON BADUES

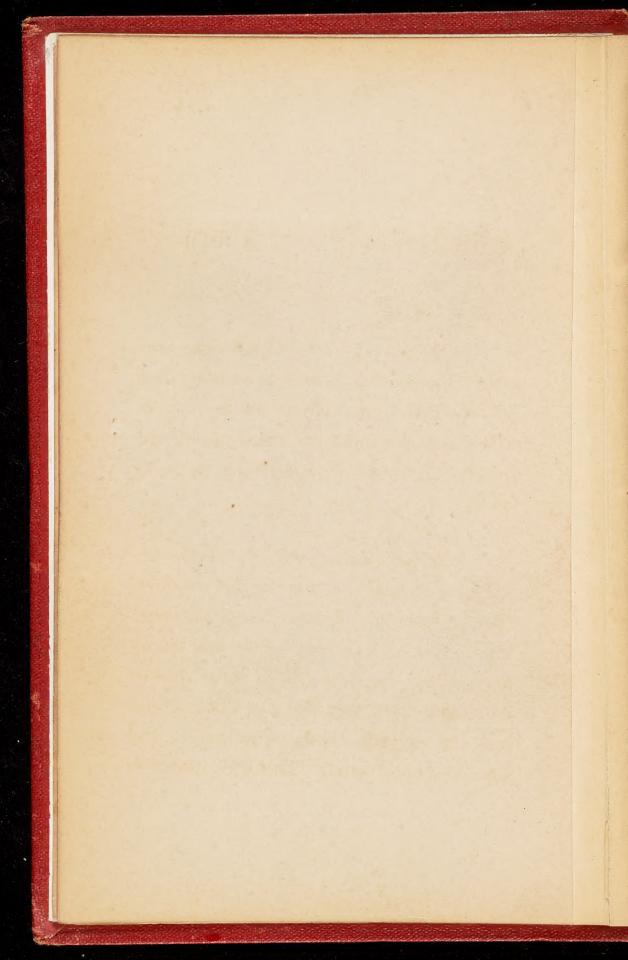
The Albura Commons of the and Commons of the and Commons of the Albura Commons of people from the commons of people.

BADEN-BADEN



Burkard Keller von 1)burg

BOURKARD KELLER D'YBOURG BURKARD KELLER OF YBURG



Burkard Keller of Yburg.

On the way to Rothenfels which is generally taken, there is a stone statue (called Keller's Bild) and not far off a cross on which may be found the name of Burkard Keller. The legend, concerning it, is as follows.

Long ago a Margravine of Baden determined to pass the days of her widow-hoodin the castle of Hohen-Baden. A member of the noble Keller family was among her suite. He soon fell in love with the handsome Clara von Tiefenau whose father was the steward of the Margravine, and lived at Kuppenheim. This little town was

then a place of importance; and there was constant communication between it and the old castle, and Burkard Keller might bemet daily either at early morn, or late at night, strolling along the shady road towards Kuppengeim. He was returning home evening rather later than usual. It was, in fact, mid-The full moon was shining brightly, night. He was thinking of his beautiful Clara, but was roused all at once out of his meditations, At no great distance from him he espied the form of an elegant lady sitting under the shade of the trees. Her face was covered with a veil of the thinnest possible material. Entranced by her beauty, he stretched out his hand as if to touch her, when she instantly vanished, as the dew from off the flower as soon as the sun has risen. This strange apparition occupied his thoughts for the rest of the way home, and as soon as he reached the castle, he told the circumstances to the warder. The old man was well

acquainted with the legend, and was nothing loath to tell it. This he did no doubt with all the garrulity, which belongs to old men in general and to warders of old castles in particular. But the sum and substance of his communication was that an old heathen temple had stood many, many years ago upon that very spot. It was enchanted, and no one could be persuaded to go through the thickly wooded road at dead of night, for love or money.

After a restless night the young Chevalier determined to solve the mystery. He went to the place, and took with him a certain number of men with pickaxes and other implements, and set them to work to dig up the ground. They had not been very long engaged when one of them found a Roman altar, which had been dedicated to the nymph of the Forest. They discovered still lower down a richly chiselle marbre statue of a female, who was ador-

ned with all the attractions of grace and beauty. Burkard seemed chained to the spot. He was overpowered, and, when he returned home, he could not release himself from her fascinating influence. He returned the next day to have a look at the beautiful statue, which he had caused to be placed upon the altar. To his astonishment he beheld the very apparition which he had seen on the former occasion. Now she did not shrink, but received him in her arms, and listened to the burning words he spake. His spirited horse was affrighted, and fled. The corpse of Burkard von Keller was discovered the next morning, lying at some little distance from the altar. The marble statue was not there. brother of Burkard von Keller caused the altar to be destroyed, and a cross — the sign of redemption — to be erected on the spot where the body had been found.

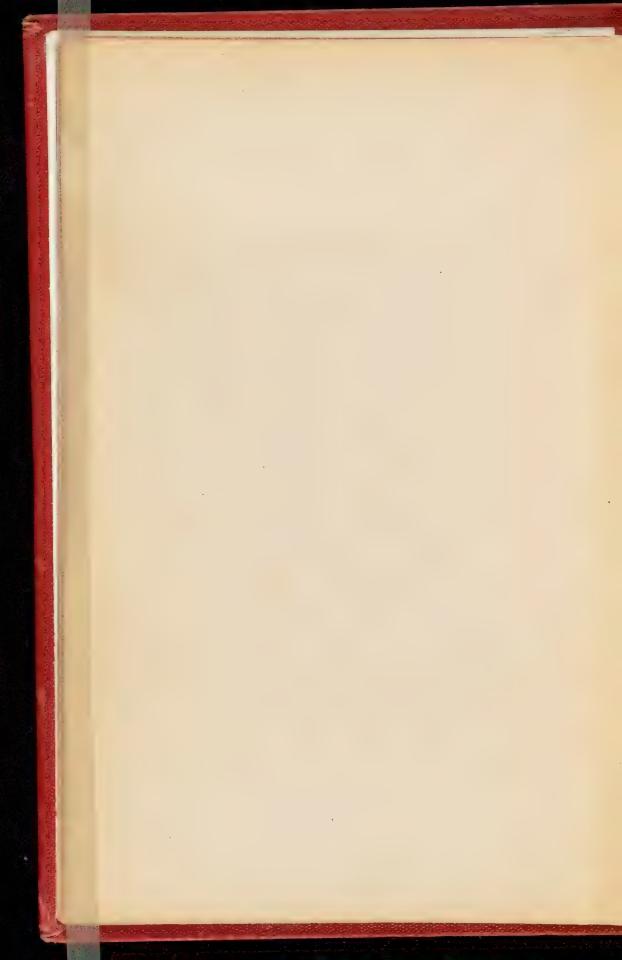
BADEN-BADEN



Der Mummelsee

LE MUMMELSEE

THE MUMMELSEL



The Mummelsee

There is a long range of hills — a part of the Northern Black Forest, some 3,800 ft. high. They are at a considerable distance from Baden between Sasbachwalden, and Oberkappel. The table land is covered only with moss, and the damp soil sinks under the footsteps of the traveller. A stunted firtree may here and there be found, — and yet withal the place is peculiarly romantic.

It is called Hornisgrinde, and the Southern point is named Grenzberg. There is a range of hills covered in with large stones, and a large lake whose waters are, generally speaking, as still and quiet as those of the

dead sea. But there are times when they rise up, like the sigh from a troubled heart, and bubble succeeds to bubble, and wave to wave. There is at times a storm upon the lake, when scarce a tree is moved by the winds, and silence prevails on every hand, except, perchance, the hoarse cry of the raven.

It is a gloomy lake, and is called Mummelsee from the mermaids or seanymphs, who, as the legend says, live in the midst of enchanting gardens of wonderful spring-like beauty, in which the bridal myrtle, and the rich scented oranges grow among the glistening crystallines, and the bloodred corals, and a thousand other blossoms, and flowers of unrivalled loveliness and beauty. But these Undines or Seanymphs are gentle etherial forms so fine, and tender, so amiable and charming, and altogether of such unearthly loveliness, that they seem as if they

might be formed of snowwhite lilies, intermingled with rose enamel. They rise every month (when the moon is at the full) to the surface of the lake, and spend their time in talking and jesting. Then they give themselves up to every kind of amusement, sportnig with each other, swimming hither and thither, playing their jokes one with another, and revelling in the moonlight, whose bright rays they cannot enjoy in their subterranean home.

As soon however, as the crow of the cock announces the approach of day, and the dawn appears, they are bound to return at once. It chances at times that the sportive Undines, forgetful of all but their delight, remain too long in the upper world — take no note of the streaks that usher in the day — hear not the cockcrow propose another and yet another dance and then — suddenly — an old grey ugly water dwarf creaks in

upon them — bids them in not the most pleasant tones return to their home — and the waters are once again as still and dull as they possibly can be.

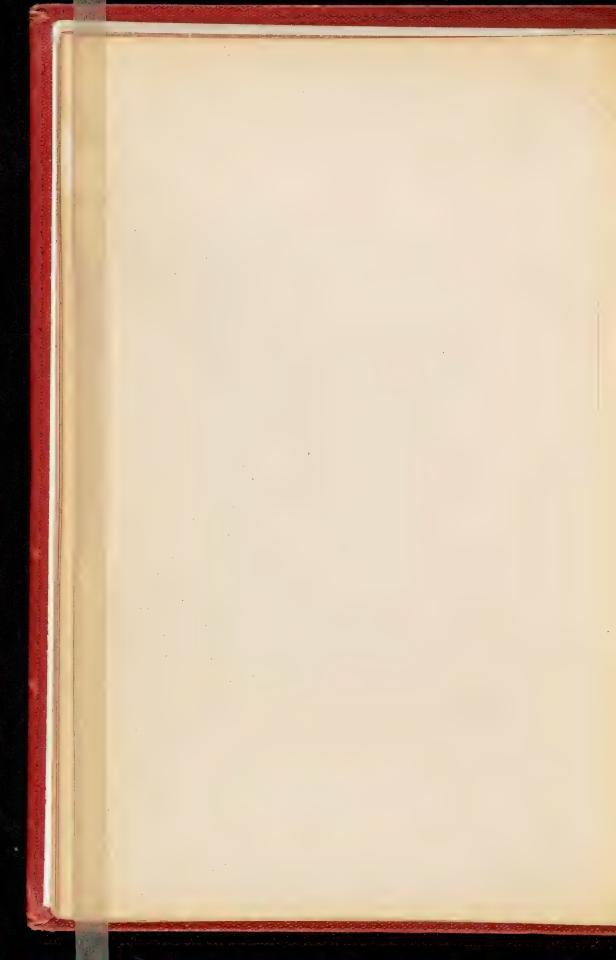
BADEN-BADEN



Der Wildsee

LE WILDSEE

THE WILLSEL.



The Wildsee.

Some few hours distance from the Mummelsee in a southerly direction is another mountain lake, called the Wildsee. From this, the Schönmunzach, a charming forest stream flows down eastwards, and empties itself into the Murg. The scenery here very much resembles that of the Mummelsee. It is equally wild, and gloomy. The banks of the water are closed in by vast masses of rocks. Numberless tree stems grow up amongst them and form a vast fir-forest, which throws its dark shadow far over the lake.

The legend peoples this lake also with lovely water Nixies who come many a time and oft to the surface of the lake in order to

enjoy the fresh green of the wood, the sunny earth-heaven, and its brilliant world of stars. These are as in the former case, female forms of wondrous beauty who joy to pass their time on the bank of the lake where they sit upon the grass, and form elegant wreaths from the wood flowers. At times too they play sweet tunes upon their lutes, and ever seek to afford amusement in one way or anoth er.

Now it chanced that on one mild sunny day in Autumn Bernfried, a young inhabitant of the neighbouring valley, of Schönengrund was tending his flook at not great a distance from the Wildsee. He lay, between thinking and dreaming, upon a couch of forest-moss. In an instant a wondrous strain brake upon his ear—a strain more lovely, and cheery than any he had ever heard—and a voice began to sing a song, in such clear, and bell-like tones, that his heart beat violently with blissful delight. Bernfried

listened for a long time with hushed breath, as if entranced, and then all at once sprang forwards. He was drawn on irresistibly to the bank of the lake, from whence the sounds and song proceeded. He wished to see the songstress, who could sing with such marvellous skill, as he thought that such heavenly strains could proceed from no other mouth than that of an angel. He looked neither backwards nor sideways, but speeded onwards with hasty steps in the direction of the lake. A brother woodman who was loitering about, and was well acquainted with the song, and its fatal consequences, used his utmost endeavours to prevent his going any further. But all his efforts were in vain. Bernfried pushed him aside, and only hastened on the more rapidly to the spot, from which the delicious sounds evidently came.

When he reached the place he saw a maiden of most marvellous beauty, and de-

licate shape, sitting upon the rocy shore. She was as bewitchingly graceful as she was attractive. Luxuriant locks of blonde hair flowed down her neck and shoulders. Her left hand glided over the strings of a harp. A snow-white doe was lying down at her right side. But as soon as she heard the noise of Bernfried's aproaching footsteps she leapt instantly into the midst of the lake.

The waters rose and foamed around her, and the Nymph sank into the gloomy depths.

As for Bernfried, the bewitching tones which had so charmed him, and the surprized glance which met his gaze, took away his senses. He became the prey of a fearful madness which led him over stick and stone, and nothing more was ever heard of him in his native country.

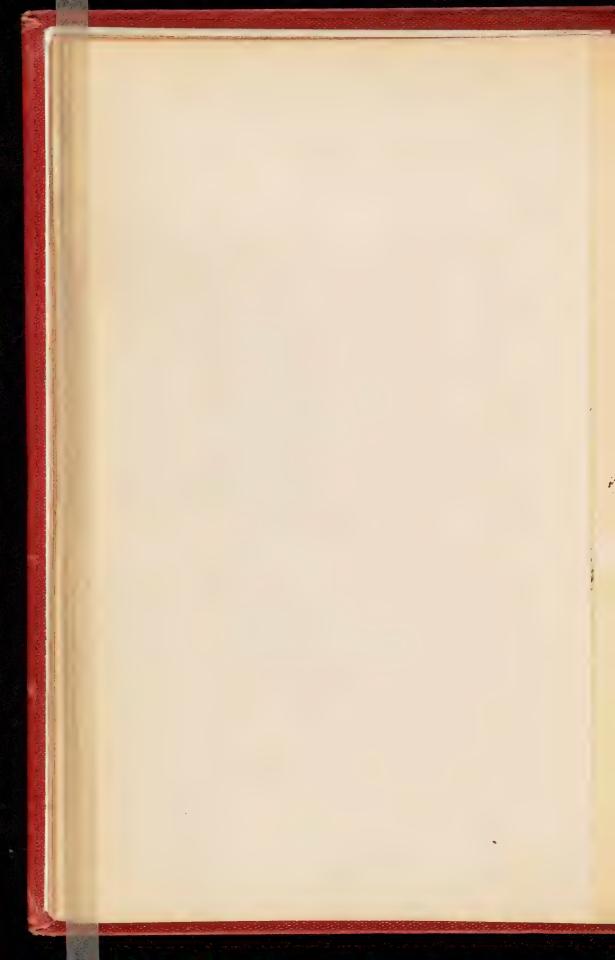
BADEN-BADEN



Engels und Tenfelskanzel

LA CHAIRE DE L'ANGE ET DU DIABLE AND DEVIL'S PULPIT

THE ANGEL



The Angel and Devil's Pulpit.

On the road from Baden to Gernsbach, just at the point where one turns off to Ebersteinburg there is a large rock on the right hand called the devil's pulpit. It is very easy of access, and there are magnificent fir, beech, and larch trees around it. A most beautiful view of Baden can be obtained from this rock, and the following is said to have been the origin of its name.

About the time when the teachers of the faith of Christ had unfurled the banner of the cross in the Rhineland, and gained many followers, the devil annoyed and indignant at their success left the lower regions in order to oppose them in person. He arose near the source of the hot springs (thenceforward called hell) and took up his position upon the aforenamed rock. Here he began te preach in opposition to the faith. Crowds flocked from far and near. He used He desall the arts of a practised orator. cribed in glowing words all the pleasures and happiness which were in store for his devotees. The beauties of the world, the grandeur of pomp — the revels of the licentious — the blessing of wealth were all set before his hearers in the most attractive form. His highly coloured and false descriptions began to tell upon the weak and credulous. Many were upon the point of being led away by the glittering prospects he held out, when lo! in an instant a strange unearthly murmur was heard in the air. The oposite rock seemed to be lighted up by the glorious rays of the setting sun, and on it appeared a beautiful figure clothed in white, and wearing a pair of glistening wings. He held in his left hand the palm branch of peace, for he was the minister of the Everlasting one. He also addressed the multitude but in a far different strain. When he reproved them for their vacillation, it was in mild and gentle tones. But his words were wonderful withal, when he showed them what tinselled baubles had been offered for their acceptance, and spake to them of true joy, real happiness and lasting peace — of everlasting life et eternal death. His words told with wonderful effect. The doubtful were confirmed — the weak strengthened — and the wanderers reclaimed.

The evil one raged and fumed. He advanced in order to address the people once more, for he saw that the critical moment had come, and he would soon be entirely deserted. Then it began to thunder. It thundered louder and louder. The ligh-

thing flashed through the trees — the winds blew wildly from every side, and roared through the forest, and the messenger ef Heaven held the palm branch in a threatening manner towards his opponent. At this moment a terrible shriek, such as had never before been heard, rent the air, and the devil, falling down the precipice, was received by the gaping earth beneath. All the people fell down upon their knees, raised the song of praise, and their grateful voices brake with their thanksgivings the silence of the evening hour.

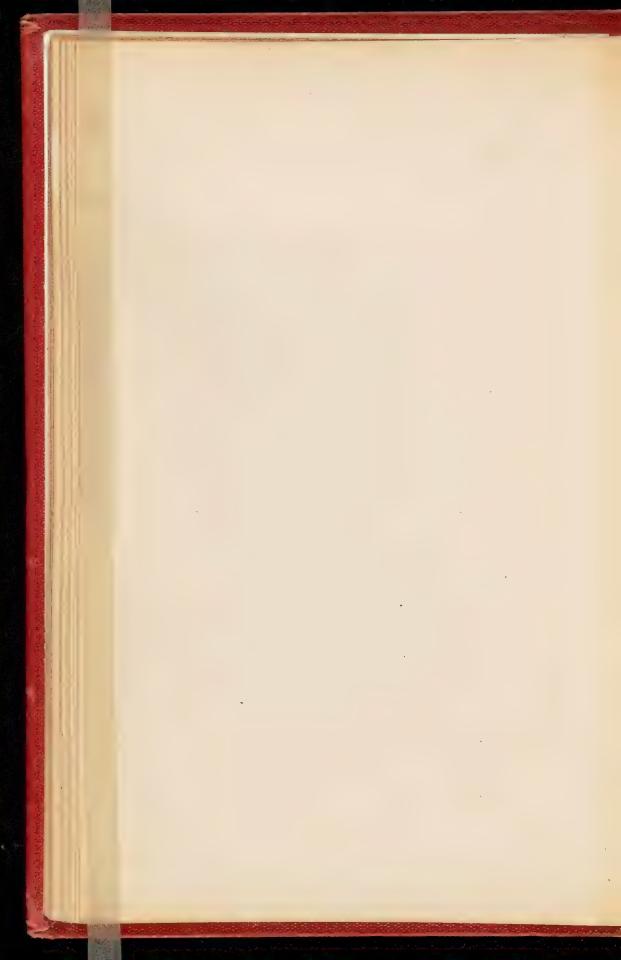
BADEN-BADEN



Der Grafensprung

LE SAUT DU COMTE

THE KNICHT'S LEAF



The Knight's Leap.

The Counts of Eberstein were a bold and valiant race. They were moreover very fond of adventures, and war. In consequence they were engaged in many, and (not unfrequently) bloody battles. It chanced that one of them, Count Wolf of Eberstein, was at deadly enmity with the Count of Würtemberg. The fortunes of war were constantly changing. He was obliged to flee and met with a ready reception at the hands of his uncle William of New-Eberstein. But, as his hiding place was discovered, he was obliged once more to seek for safety by flight. He accordingly mounted his horse one morning early in order to leave his hospitable asylum. But his enemy had during the nigh cut off all means of escape from the castle, except by the rocky height

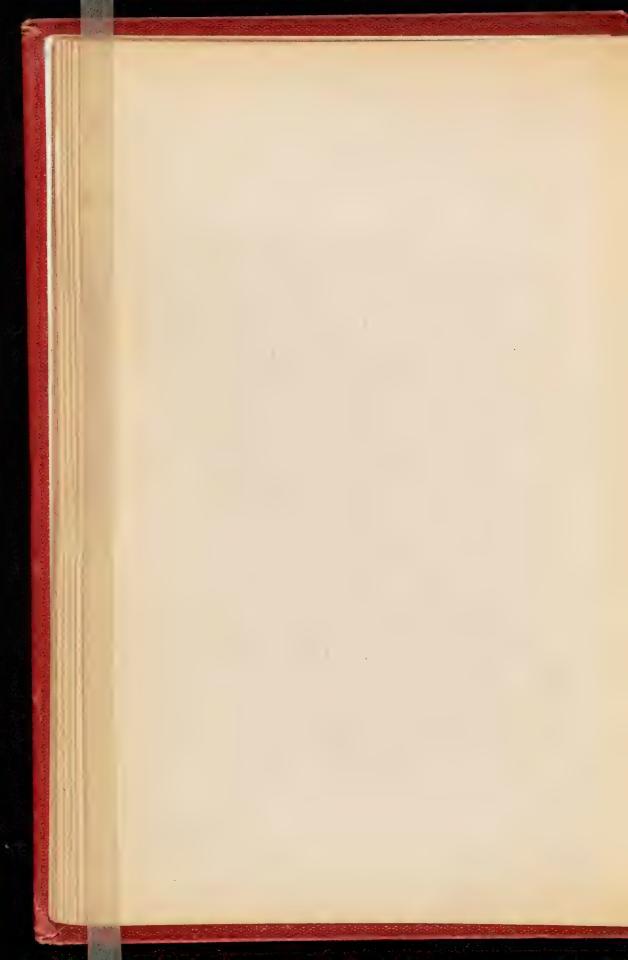
over the Murg. He could discover no other way. He considered for a few moments and reviewed his distressing position. enemy were near at hand with their wild shouts of war, and cries of revenge. They might come upon him in a moment. Here, he thought — is ignominious Capture — there, (as he looked over the craggy heights) — death. He bethought him too of the thorough pluck, and sure-footedness of his faithful horse. His choice was made at once. He would not fall into the hands of his enemies whatever might be the cost. And so turning his horse's head in the direction of the high rock that overhangh the valley, he put both his spurs into his sides, and took the frightful leap in the part where the river is the His bold daring was rewarded deepest. with success, His astonished enemies saw him reach the other side of the stream in safety from whence he made his way to the castle of the Pfalzgraf Ruprecht, who not only gave him an asylum — but assisted him in regaining his possessions.



Alt Eberstein

VILLY EBERSTEIN

OLD EBERSTEIN



Old Eberstein.

After the Emperor Otto the I. had brought Strassbourg into order by war, he moved with his army before Eberstein, which the Counts held in conjunction with his enemies. He besieged the fortress for three quarters of a year but could not become master of the place, as it was very strong, and the besieged proved themselves exceedingly brave. Hereupon one of his Knights advised him to proclaim a tournament at Spiers, as there was no doubt, that, if they were promised safe conduct, the Counts of Eberstein would attend, and the fortress might be taken by surprise in their absence. This wily advice pleased the Empe-

ror, and he acted upon it. A Tournament was accordingly held, and was attended by the Counts of Eberstein, as well as by a large number of noblemen and others.

As soon as the tournament was ended a dance succeeded. The Emperor himself, as well as the Counts of Eberstein, was pre-The latter danced of course with some sent. of the chief ladies of the company. During the evening one of them spake to the Count of Eberstein, and told him that the Emperor had adopted this ruse against them, and intended to surprise the castle during their absence, and therefore it would be well for them to be on their guard. The fair lady urged them to take counsel together, and hasten home that very night, with as little delay as possible. Forewarned is forearmed. The three brothers conferred together, and resolved to return home at once. They went again, however, to the dance, and said that

they would meet the Knights and nobility, and, the next day, would deposit a hundred golden guldens, and leave the same behind them in honor of the noble ladies. They returned. the next day to their castle, whilst the Emperor with his attendants and the nobles waited for a long time for the beginning of the Tournament. In a while it oozed out that the Knights of Eberstein had been forewarned, and returned to their castle, and Otto instanly gave orders to some brave men, to see if they could not anticipate them, and take the castle before their return. But they had already reached home, and received the assault made upon them with such a bold front, that their enemies retired. The Emperor at this point thought it wise to come to terms with them, and therefore sent three of his Knights for this purpose. The Castellan conducted them into the wine cellar, and granary and showed them casks of red wine, large heaps of fruit, and an abundance

of flour. The ambassadors were lost in wonder, and thought it impossible to overcome persons who were so rich in stores. But the casks had double bottoms, and there was a mass of chaff beneath the wheat. When they returned they told the Emperor that it was absurd to think of subduing them, as they had ample supplies for three quarters of a year, and they advised him moreover Eberhard, the youngest of the Counts of Eberstein to give one of his sisters in marriage to him. This advice was followed and their marriage was celebrated by a glorious festival in Saxony.



Der Fremersberg

LL FREMERSBEIG

THE FREMIESIANA



The Fremersberg.

The Fremersberg commands an extensive view over the valley of the Rhine as far as the Vosges mountains. At the South Western point of this a hermit, named brother Henry, built a cell and a chapel in the year 1411. In 1415 some other brothers were associated with him, and it became necessary to enlarge the premises. The following circumstances contributed to change the hermitage into a monastery. The neighbourhood was at the period already mentioned, but thinly populated, and not much

under cultivation. In fact it was nothing more or less than one vast forest. There were scarcely any roads, and those which did exist were all but impassable. One day, some few years before his death, the Markgraf James, who was passionately fond of the sports of the field, was out hunting, and being separated from his companions lost his way. The evening of an autumnal day had long set in. This was followed by a dark moonless night, and he could find no road, or any means of escape. He wandered up and down for many a weary hour, his horse being for ever and ever frightened back by some precipice or craggy height. He blew his horn again and again. This and the barking of the dogs were at last heard by the hermits of Fremersberg who were still at their devotions though it was so late. The good monks set out at once, and by the light of their torches succeeded after a time in discovering the Markgraf whom they con-

ducted forth with to their habitation They gave him as good a supper as their poverty allowed them to prepare, and provided him with a lodging for the night. Many comforts of course were wanting but the Markgraf never slept better in his life. He felt especially thankful for the kindness which he had received at the hands of the hermits, and his thanks were soon shown by something more substantial than mere words. His offering too was such as it became the member of a Royal house to give, for he caused a small hermitage to be changed into a stately monastery, and to be occupied by Franciscan monks. This took place in 1451. It was saved in 1689, and escaped the fate of the seculars. In 1826 the supply of monks failed, and the property was then sold. Part of it was converted into a vineyard and on another part an inn was raised. Instead of the latter there is now a charming country residence which cannot fail to attract the notice of all

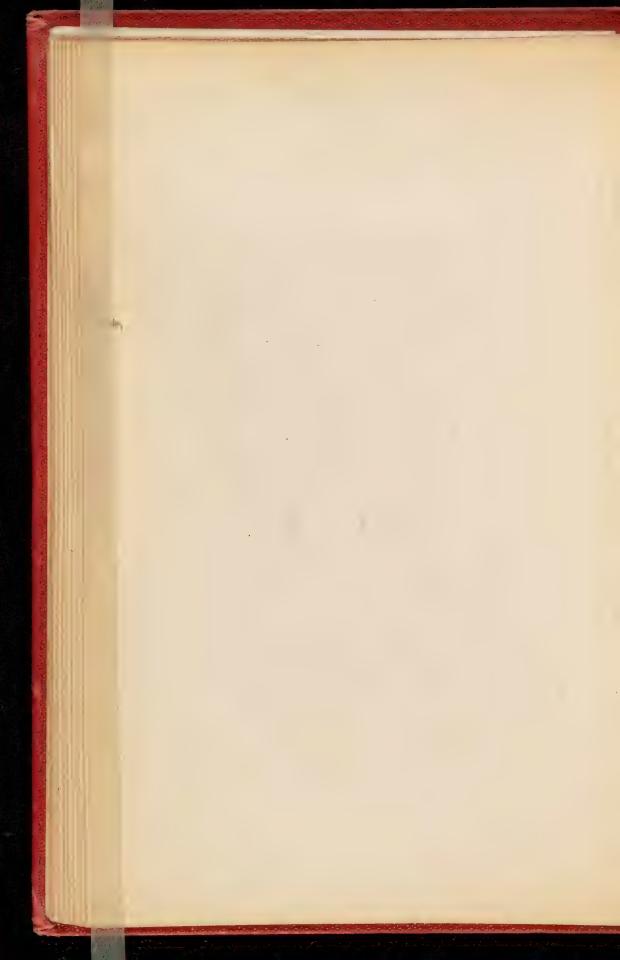
visitors. It would be difficult to find a more beautiful position. A cross with inscription was placed in 1838 over the place, where the high altar had formerly been.



Die Geisterhochzeit zu Cauf

LA

NOCE DESESPRITS A LAUF MARRIAGE OF CHOSTS AT LAUF



The Ghost Marriage at Lauf.

The ruins of the castle of New Windeck called also the castle of Lauf, once the estate of the dynasty of Windeck, lies between Bühl and Achern in the neighbourhood of the Hubbad. It was uninhabited for a very long period before its destruction — a circumstance which is accounted for by the following Ghost story.

A young page, a stranger in the neighbourhood, sought on one occasion shelter in the castle. He saw a light in one of the rooms, and mounted the stairs which led to it. It was the reception room, and in it he found a yound maiden, who was so deeply

buried in thought that she was perfecty unconscious of the entrance of the page, She seemed to him beautiful as an angel, but the roses appeared to have faded away from her cheeks, through grief. She raised her eyes and nodded her head in answer to the greeting of the youth. He begged her to give him a night's lodging in the castle, and furnish him with some refreshment. Retiring from the room for a few moments she spread out before him on her return a supply of game, venison, fowls, and viands of different kinds, and motioned him to partake of the same. After the wine had somewhat brought back his spirits, he said to her. « You are doubtless the daughter of the house, are you not? » She nodded her head — « And your parents. » She pointed to a couple of pictures on the wall and said. « I am the last of my race. » looked at her again and again, he drank more and more of the wine - and as he did

so he found the more to admire in her. It struck him at last that this was the very moment to make his fortune, and he acted accordingly. He asked the fair one, if she were disengaged, and on receiving a nod of the head in the affirmative, offered her mariage. Her countenance lighted up at once. She rose from her seat, and taking out of her drawer, two rings, and a rose-mary wreath, which she placed round her raven black hair, beckoned to her lover to follow her. At this moment there entered two venerable old men, dressed in holiday attire. These took the young couple between them, and procee-There were ded to the chapel of the castle. many memorials in it and among them one, the form of a Bishop cast in brass upon a marble slab. She touched this as she passed. The figure rose slowly, and approached the front of the altar, upon which the candles had meanwhile lighted themselves. countenance of the Bishop became animated.

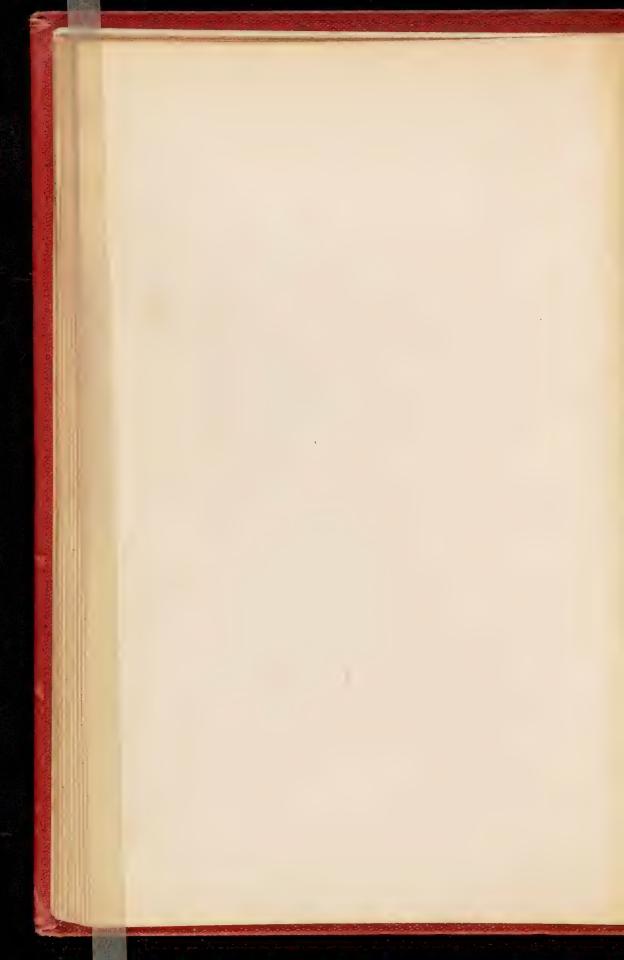
His eyes shone like glistening stars. addressed the young man in a hollow voice, and said. « Kurd of Klein have you resolved to take Bertha of Windeck for your wedded wife? » The Knight trembled. The words died upon his tongue and he began to lose bis senses. At this instant the crowing of a cock in a neighbouring farm yard was heard — the whole assembly disappeared — and a frightful gust of wind passed through the chapel, as if it would have razed the castle to The noble youth fell senseless the ground. to the earth, and when he recovered his faculties again, he was lying near his horse, which was quietly eating up the grass in the Court-Yard of the Castle.



Baldreit

BALDREIT

BALDREIT



Baldreit.

The Baldreit is one of the most celebrated inns of the days of old. It is indebted for its great reputation to one of the Princes of the Palatinate.

He was a martyr to the gout, and knew no rest day or night. He consulted the most eminent physicians, and adopted every possible means for the recovery of his health. But nothing was of any avail. One of the doctors at length advised him to try the hot springs of Baden, with the assurance that, if he was not perfectly restored to health, his sufferings would be in a considerable degree alleviated. The process of the cure was somewhat slow. Time passed on, and yet there was no visible change for

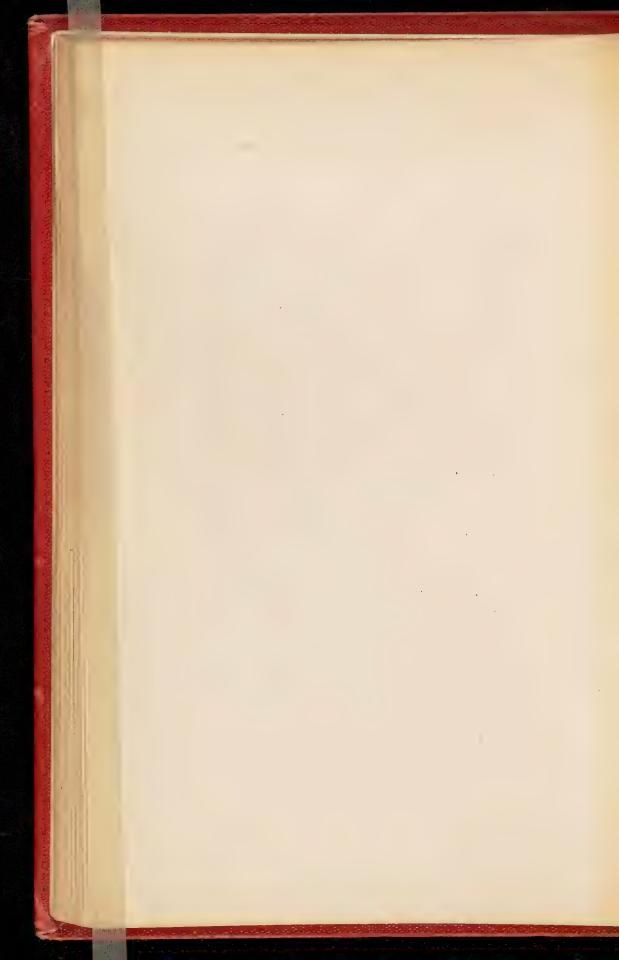
the better. At length the limbs became more supple. He awoke one morning, and found that he was perfectly free from pain, and strong and lusty in every limb. He was resolved to make proof of his newly acquired strength. He left his bed - dressed instantly - and, hastening into the Court yard, ordered his horse to be brought out. As soon as his foot was in the stirrup, the court yard door was opened — the spurs were applied to the gallant steed, and, after prancing about awhile, he started forth. noise which was thus made in this otherwise quiet place did not pass unnoticed. A window was opened at once and out of it peered the face of the astonished landlord. - « How soon I can ride, » said the Prince, as with a laugh he left the Hotel. Owing to the noise of the horse's hoofs the landlord and servants heard only the words - « ride soon « which have remained the sign of the Hotel unto this very day.



Die Felsen

LES ROCHERS

THE ROCK'S



The Rocks.

Long, very long ago there stood in the neighbourhood of Baden Scheuern a lonely castle wich was the residence of Immo, a young wild unsociable nobleman, and the last of his race. No one but an old man servant, and maid lived with him. These attended to his comforts, whilst his faithful dog was his constant companion.

The wild hunter (for so the people called him) was always in the woods far and near from early morn till late at night, in pursuit of game, which were more afraid of him than of any other sportsman, for his arrow was unerring, an his cunning and skill were almost beyont belief.

It chanced one day that his arrow, heretofore so true, missed its mark, as he shot at a white doe, which passed near him. He was as much annoyed at his failure as he was charmed with the beauty of the noble ani-

mal. He was however a man of no common powers of perseverance, and so with his dog followed the doe to the spot where the rocks rise grandly towards the heavens. The doe sprang into a hole in the rocks. The enthusiastic hunter now thought himself sure of his prey. But, as he advanced, a female form of exquisite beauty stood before him. She held out one hand for the protection of the doe, and pointed the other towards him in a threatening manner saying at the same time in tones as soft as those of the harp — « Immo why followest thou my doe ». wild hunstman was overcome by astonishment and surprize. He covered his dazzled eyes with his hand, and knelt before the beautiful lady and lifted up again up his eyes and the doe had disappeard, and nothing but provoking goblins looked down upon him from the rocky heights.

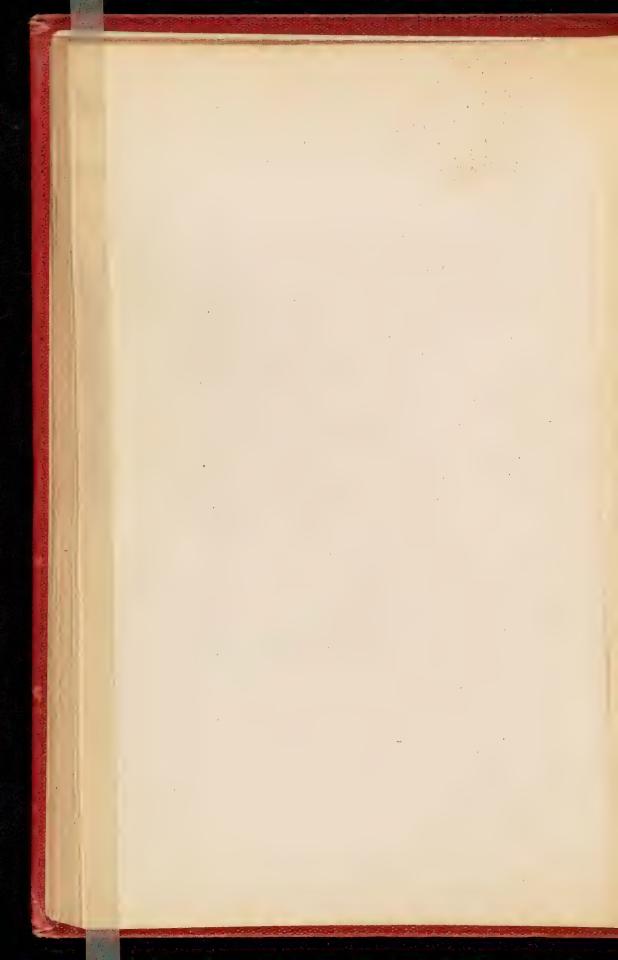
The heretofore wild huntsman returned with far altered feelings, and, from that day forward, no one ever saw him enjoying the pleasures of the sports of the forest.



Surg Windeck

CHAIRM DE WINDECK

CASTLE WINDE &



Castle Windeck.

At the time when the Dean of Strassburg Cathedral was a prisoner in the castel of Windeek (which lies high above the little town of Bühl) there lived in Wolfshah a very old woman, who was called by the people round about « the woman of the woods ». All her property consisted of some exceedingly large fowls. As she was sitting one night before the door of her house, two handsome children passed by and asked for the nearest way to Windeck, the elder of the two saving. « Our uncle, the Dean of Strassbourg, who has always acted to us in every way as a father, is kept a prisoner in Windeck. We wish to beg the Lord of the Castle to release him. and keep us as hostages, until he can ransom himself ».

« Be of good beart, my children », answered the old woman », I will myself release the Dean. I am certain that the Strassburgers will attack the castle in the weakest

part i. e. the cross near the fir-wood. Take with you one of my finest hens as ransom money; tell the Knight Reinhard that you have heard from me, and say besides that he must, as spedily as possible, make a ditch at the place I have mentioned as I know that the Strasaburgers will be there without loss of time. His own people will never be able to accomplist the work — therefore tell him that he must put the hen near cross — and she will certainly make the ditch.

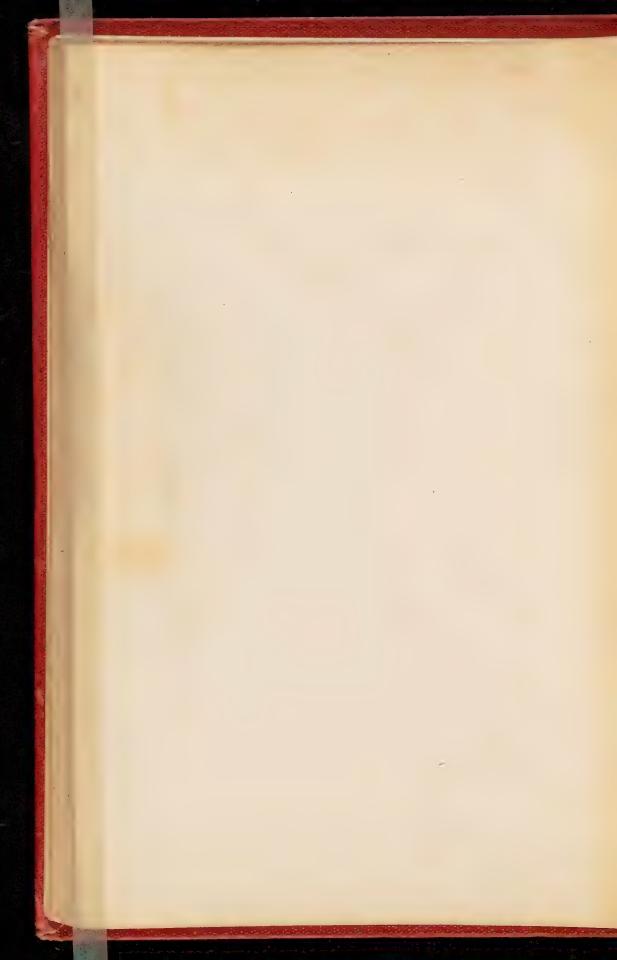
After this the children left the old woman, and began to mount the hill. When they were about midway the Count Keinhard came ut with them, led them to the castle and took, them to thefr uncle the Dean. As soon as the sun set, the Knight followed the advice of the old woman, and placed the hen by the cross. He returned at midnight. The hen had disappeared, and a deep broad ditch with breast-work lay before his astonished eyes. The attack of the Strassburgers was in vain, and they were obliged to give up the siege of the castle of Windeck. The Dean of the Cathedral, John of Ochsenheim, returned a few days afterwards to Strassburg, where the inhabitants received him with a perfect ovation and unbounded tokens of their regard.



Allerheiligen

MULERHEILIGEN

ALL SAINTS



All Saints.

The abbey of Allerheiligen (all Saints) was formerly most celebrated fort the learning of its monks. A school was attached to it, and this was, as a matter of course, scarcely lees renowned. It was frequented by persons who went from every part for the purpose of being instructed in the sciences. Amongst the students at one time therewas a well-born youth from Strassburg. He was a peculiarly thoughtful young fellow, and rejoiced to revel in the beautiful scenery by which the abbey is surrounded. At one time he would remain for hours together beneath the shade of the firtrees in the depth of the forest; at ano-

ther he would sit upon a rock, and watch with eager eye the waters of the Gründenbach, as they fell from rock to rock, until they were lost in the depths below. Whilst he was thus engaged one day, a maiden came suddenly out of a grotto in the rock, which hád been chosen as the abode of a gipsey family. He was struck with her beauty, and gazed on her in admiration until the name of Elmy broke the thread of his thougts. From this time forward his excursions had a definite object, for he was not long in finding out Elmy, and winning her love. Wen they interchanged their vows, he gave hep a plain, yet elegant gold ring, which completed her happiness. She looked at it again and again - and in fact was never tired of examining it. On one occasion she took it off, and placed it on a table that she might glad her eyes by seeing it glisten beneath the rays of the sun. A raven that was perched on the

rocks espied the shining gem, pounced down upon it, and carried it off to his nest. The maiden wrung her hands in wildest despair - for her grand-mother (well skilled in gipsey lore) had told her that all her happiness in this world depended upon the possession of that ring. She informed her lover of the circumstance, and entreated him to devise some plan by which the ring might be recovered. He comforted her with assuring words and told har that steps should be taken to regain it. On the following day he took some of his companions into his confidence, and informed them of his intention. They promised their cooperation, and went with him to let him down to the nest by means of a rope, Elmy was passing the grotto at this very moment. She heard a noise, looked up, and saw the dangerous situation of her lover. She would have dissuaded him from the attempt — but fear robbed her of the power of speech. She

watched the proceedings with increasing anxiety. All is excitement. As he is just reaching the raven's nest — the ring is all but within his grasp — he stretches out his hand to lay hold of it, the rope breaks — he is dashed against the rocks, and Elmy sits weeping by his lifeless body.

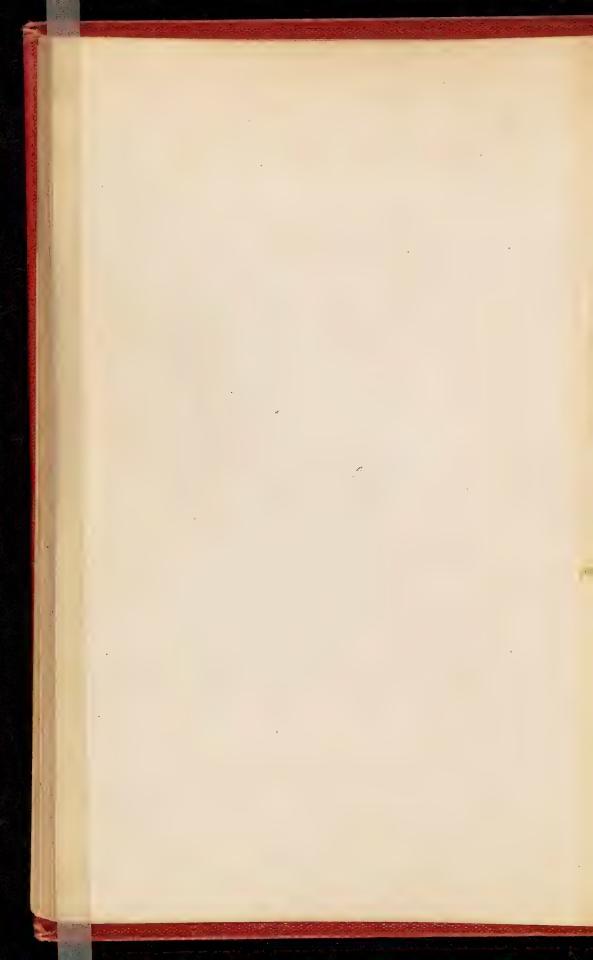
BADEN-BADEN



Hohenbaden

HOHENBADEN

HOHENBADEN



Hohenbaden.

A fearul plague broke out over Germany at he end of th 15. Century. It spread from district to district, and the Markgraf Charles the I. fell a victim to the disease at Pforzheim where he was staying at that time. His wife Catherine of Austria, fled with her two youngest children, Frederick and Margaret, out of the reach of the plague to the castle of Hohenbaden, where she passed many a day full of anxiety. But the plague came nearer and nearer to the Markravine and every day the news became worse. At lenght she felt almost besides herself, and took possession of the very highest room in the tower of the castle in

order to secure the safety of the children. She placed in this room a very large supply of provisions, and then forbade any one te enter. None ever approached them except an old man, who came every morning to the foot of the stairs, with the daily supply of bread and water or wathever else might be required.

The Markgravine thought that in this solitude she and her children would be preserved from all danger of contagion, as they could enjoy on the turret, their childish sports, an drink in the pure air many an hour during the day. One evening the two little ones wearied out by their play, fell asleep on a carpet in a corner. The unbroken stillness, an deep peace which reigned around made impression on the heart of the Royal widow. She was moved to silent prayer, and at last broke out into strains of thanksgiving for the blessings she had hitherto enjoyed, praying at the same time for still

further protection. Whilst she was thus engaged in pious devotion, kneeling upon the stone pavement of the tower, a wonderful apparition instantly appared to her. Surrounded by rays of Heavenly glory the Blessed Mother of God came down from Heaven. and the glistening clouds on both sides became like two pictures, one of which represented the convent and Lichtental, and the other the hot springs of Baden. She bent her lovely head with heavenly kindness: first pointing with her right hand to the little children who smiled an angel-smile, whilst wrapped in sleep, and then to the convent church on that side — but with her left she pointed to the hot streams which bubbled up, and sent forth their vapor. Then the heavenly apparition dispeared. The pious Princess thought very serioulsy over all she had seen, and decided that the vision instructed her to devote the two children to the service of God, if they should escape the plague,

and that the hot springs of Baden would furnish the means for their preservation.

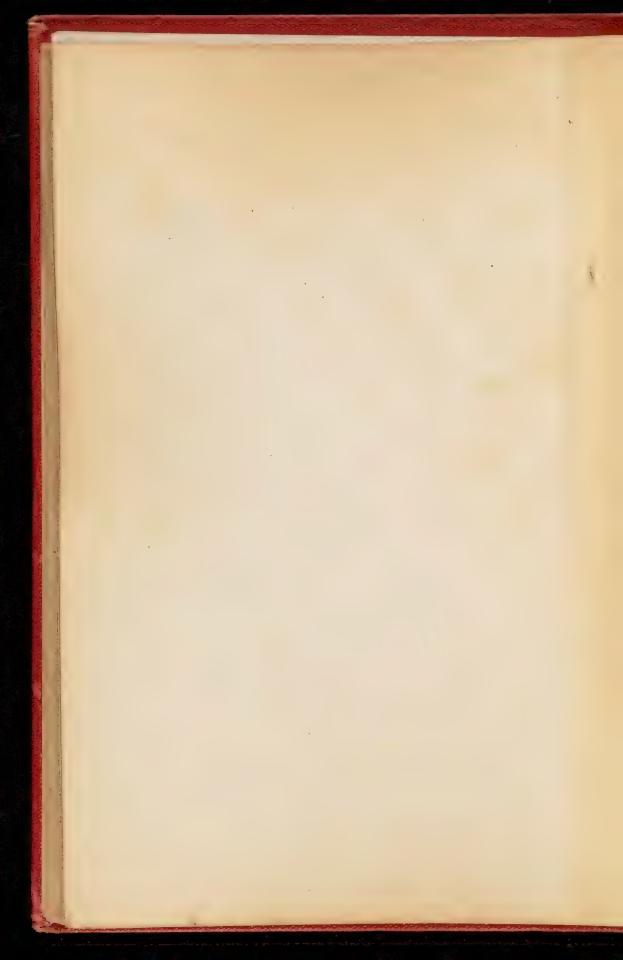
The next morning the Markgravine ordered all the hot springs to be let loose through the streets, so that a thick vapor was soon spread over the whole neighbourhood. The power of the pestilence was stayed from that very hour. Fewer and still fewer victims fel until at length the disease althogether passed away. There remained no signs of it save mourning and tears for those who had been taken from this world. The Princess Margaret sometime afterwards took the veil at Eichtenthal, and Frederick entered the Priesthood, and depared this life as Bishop of Utrecht. Thene is a handsome monument of him in the large Church of Baden.

BADEN-BADEN



Kloster Lichtenthal

EU COLVENT DE LICHTENTHAL. THE CONVENT OF LICHTENTUAL



The Convent of Lichtenthal.

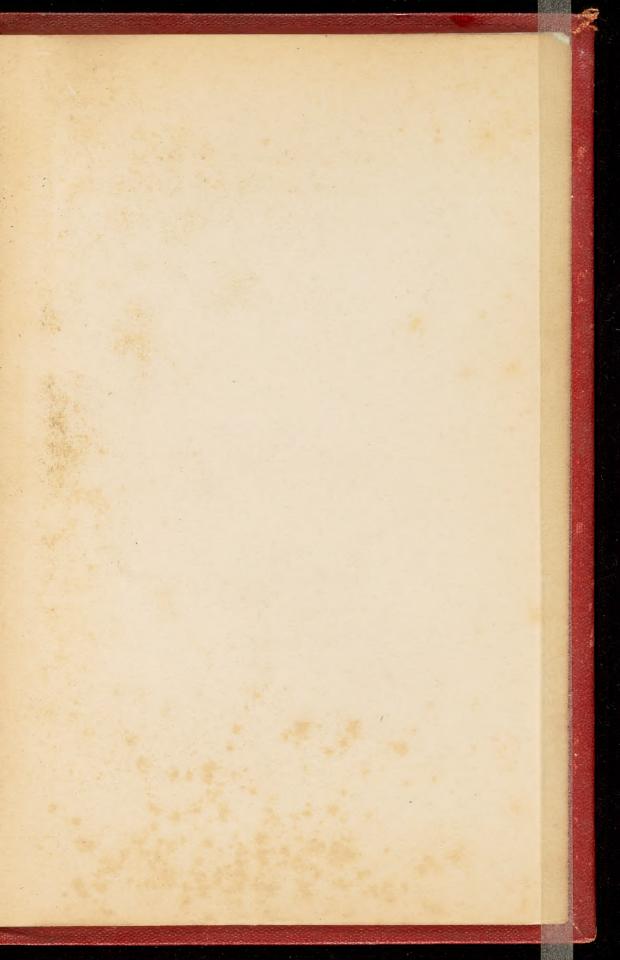
In days gone by when there were fearful contests betwen Germans and foreigners, the forces of the enemy approached
the beautiful valley of the Oos. The nuns in
the convent: who had heard so much of the
acts of violence, which were then perpetrated,
and the ruthless way in which women and
children were treated, were as might be
expected, in a sad state of alarm. They
thought at length that flight was the only
means of escape for them, and they made
their preparations accrordingly. But before
they set out they entered the church in orderly procession, that they might strengthen
he mselves by prayer for the weary journey,

which lay before them. When the service was over, the abbess rose from her place, and stood in front of a side altar on which was a beautifully carved image in wood of the Blessed Virgin. She hung the keys of the Convent upon one of the arms. with uplifted hands and loud voice, she supplicated the Mother of the Saviour of the world to preserve that holy house which had been for so many years a happy home to the hand-maidens of the Virgin, and to take under her protection those who were now driven helpess, and friendless into the world. When the prayer of the abbess was nearly ended, a peasant of the valley rushed in. He was covered with blood, and his clothes were sadly torn. He told them that the enemy was approaching in full force, and would before long be at the gates of the Convent. Mingled tears and shrieks were the answer. Any longer delay was out of . the question. The ones left the church at

once — hastened by a side door through the garden — and made their way a speedily as possible out of the valley. Very soon after they had left the walls of the cloister, the blows of the enemy were heard battering the outer gate. They succeeded in effecting an entrance and approached the door of the Church. As they did so the statue of the Virgin, now surrounded with a halo of heavenly bringhtness, was seen gradually approaching them. Her brilliancy was dazzling, and, when she came near, she offered them with a threatening air the keys of the cloister. The wild troops were overawed. A dealdy fear came upon them. They retraced their steps in wild confusion, and did not pause for a moment until they had left the Convent far behind them. God's house was thus saved, and, when the nuns returned to their cells, they found every thing precisely in the same order as when they left. The wonder-working Madonna statue which is

carved in wood and painted is still preserved in the choir of the Church and is evidently the work of a master of the Byzantine school.





BMO.

88-B34626

